

A TROUBLE BREEDER.

Again I take up my pen to write against the saloons and everything and everybody connected with them. Will it do any good? I don't know and it is none of my business. What concerns me most is the fact that I cannot pass a day without seeing or hearing something against the liquor traffic, and I cannot keep quiet. I wish I never had to write about the saloons. The subject has become stale to me; but the injuries resulting from the liquor traffic are fresh every day, and the Devil will not let them become stale.

This morning a gentleman on the cars occupied the time spent on the road by relating to me what a curse to his father the drink habit has been. Good otherwise; but so easily tempted by the power of appetite.

After leaving the cars my eyes greeted two young men so drunk that they could not walk straight. They looked miserable, and were paying the price of a night's debauch.

It was in the tombs, years ago, that I looked into the faces of two young men who were hung for murder shortly after. "Drink brought us here" were the words that came from the lips of one of these young men.

I wish I had never seen those young men. Years have passed, but I cannot get them out of my mind. I see them now—faces almost as white as the wall, a strange look about their eyes, a sort of "do help me" expression that I cannot explain. Neither of these young men had reached his majority; yet they were hung by the neck until pronounced dead.

Each of them had a mother. But the mothers' hearts were broken before the necks of their boys.

How many times have I told my readers that I hate the liquor traffic, and I expect to repeat it again and again.

At my home, in the proper place, are the likenesses of a Methodist preacher and his wife. In other days we were the best of friends. He is still alive, but his wife died the victim of the intoxicating bowl.

The liquor traffic has slain some of the best people I ever knew. I more than hate it.

I heard a handsome looking young girl say to another, as she entered a saloon in William street, New York, "Now for another nail in my coffin." Inside of a year she was buried.

But I must stop this kind of writing, for sad incidents come to my mind by the score. Too many for my comfort.

The saloon never hit me personally, for which I am thankful; but it has hit so many in the business in which I was brought up that I cannot help but wish that the Devil had never invented such Hell-populating places as saloons.

Some may say, what is the use of talking about the curse of drinking; why not tell us how to abolish it? I have done so to the best of my abilities; but the bulk of the people don't like my remedy and don't like it.

The importation, manufacture and sale of intoxicants as a beverage is the cause of the damnation of thousands in this country every year. Am I right or am I wrong in this statement? If it is true, then when I demand prohibition against the importation, manufacture and sale of liquor for beverage purposes I am right.

In a fight between Heaven and Hell there is consolation in being on the side of the former, even if victory is not in sight.

After I had made a temperance address at Troy, N. Y., an old lady took me by the hand and said, "Thank you, Mr. Scott; the Lord will put you on the back some day." The crowd around me smiled, but the remark made a lasting impression on me.

I would be afraid not to fight the liquor traffic with my tongue and my pen.

Last night while reading an evening newspaper my attention was drawn to the acquittal of a boy tried for killing his father, who, being intoxicated, was trying to kill the lad's mother.

That boy will never forget, as long as he lives, what a trouble breeder the liquor traffic was to him in his young days. Tried for homicide at the time of life when he ought to have been in school

studying his lessons. Acquitted of homicide when he ought to have been playing with his young comrades.

On my desk is a picture of the old Tombs building. The drink traffic has kept that building nearly full since I was a boy. How many sobs have been uttered in that place by those who had thought they could drink when they liked and let drinking alone when they saw fit.

Out in the far-off State of Kansas I beheld several curious sights—empty jails. An empty jail is a blessed sight. Such a sight is apt to make you think that the world is getting better.

I have yet to hear the first man or woman say, Thank God I am a drinker of intoxicants. But I have heard hundreds thank God that they had ceased to drink that which sometimes made them lower than brutes.

The business portion of every community should be opened to saloons, for in no other place is the curse of drink more visible than in places where men are employed.

The men who sell and the men who drink intoxicants are generally a nuisance—both private and public.

What good has the saloon ever done? Think this question over and act accordingly.

If you live in a town with six churches and only two saloons you will admit that the two saloons make the town howl with the ways of the Devil more than the six churches make the town echo with the praises of God. How about most towns that have about five or ten times as many saloons in them as there are churches?

What hurts my neighbor's boy hurts me, and it ought to be so with you.

A mother who has a son who is in the habit of coming home late at night drunk is not troubled with much sleep. Such a mother soon looks old and worn out: the lustre of her eyes ceases to exist, and she sobs to herself until she ceases to be the woman she once was. The trouble breeder has made her old, nervous and and dejected. She wants to die, and yet she wants to live. She seeks for faith, but she almost seeks in vain. She wants to look cheerful, but she cannot. She hardly knows whether she is a Christian or not. She reads her Bible, but the blessed promises do not seem to be for her. She looks up and all is dark: she looks down and it is still darker. She loves her boy, and that is about all she knows.

Such a mother ought to be made to feel that the day is not far off when the great trouble breeder will be utterly destroyed. What makes her case so sad is, that she feels that the fate of her boy is in his own hands. The community looks calmly on at the sight of her boy destroying himself. After he gets awful bad the prospect is that the authorities will take him from his mother and punish him for not being able to stand what the law has permitted others to sell him.

For the "public good" J—E— has a license to sell liquor. The document ought to read: for the public damnation of men, women and children J—E— is permitted to sell his liquors.

Just about now I feel the "mad" taking possession of me. Now I feel like writing sentences that will blister somebody. Perhaps it is now the proper time to stop.

A trouble breeder is the liquor traffic.—G. R. Scott in N. Y. Witness.

ALCOHOL IN OTHER LANDS.

The use of alcohol in some form or another seems to be almost universal. The following list is interesting as showing the different forms of distilled spirits in use in various parts of the world:

Table with 3 columns: By whom employed, Name, Whence obtained. Rows include Hindus, Malays, Greeks, etc., with various alcoholic beverages like Arrack, Rice, and Maize.

—N. Y. Advocate.

A GREAT OFFER.

READ CAREFULLY.

You need this paper. You will need it more and more as the prohibition fight gets hotter and hotter, and the issue of prohibition is before our Legislatures. Read carefully what is said about it in column headed "Important" on page 2.

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This book contains a large and careful selection of the most popular recitations in the Yankee, Negro, German, Irish and other dialects, as recited by the leading elocutionists of the day. The contents embrace humorous, dramatic and pathetic selections, both in prose and verse, some of which are the following: "The Stolen Watermelon," "The Spelling Bee at Angelo's," "Caleb's Courtship," "Democracy," "The Election of the President," "The Bartender's Story," "The Husky Bee," "Grandpa's Courtship," "The Cowboy's Christmas Hall," "Toasted Jim," "Mike's Confession," "The Christmas Party in Dutchtown," "Old Daddy Turner," "Paddy's Courting," "Sambo's Dilemma," "Davy and Gollar," "The Darkey Boot-Black," "Little John's Christmas," "Joe's Wife," "Uncle Anderson on Prosperity," "The Irishman's Panorama," "Buddy's Trouble," etc., etc. The contents of this book have been selected with great care, the aim being to include only the best, hence it contains the cream of fifty of the ordinary recitation books, and is without doubt the best collection of dialect recitations and readings ever published. A book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers. It will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of only Ten Cents.

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